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Sn the ball familed up.

framed by the doorway, staring mass. These is at the door." dagly little the darkened room. His and the lips bloodless, his eyes were Grimm faced him placidly widely dissended as if from frightand dangling

windpered untillingly.

CHAPTER XIV

## A Rescue and an Escape.

Miss Thorse's select startled Mr. the ambassadur turned and ras slong ond guard. the ball; and at that instant the lights by the sudden plantment, and again he was beside ein.

The lights!" he whispered tensely. "Find the emilian"

feno the tall, feeling with both his motionless. Rands along the wall. A few feet what is the direction the antibassador burst out suddenly. His eyes were had note there seemed to be a righer. Sized unwaveringly on Miss Thorse. simunic in progress-there was the

#fulfilling of feet, and quick-drawn Breaths at muscle strained against #therds. The lights! If he could only fine the switch! Then, as his hands mirried along the wall, they came in stocked with applier band-a hand-BETT IN THE PROGRESS & Right SHOW IS the face canned him to step back

The anisting sound suddenly se go now. solved Realf into moving contains. \$55. the frost door opened and closed with a teng. Mr. Grimm's limited eyes shupped, and his white bein will not allow—they will attack—?" stumbled over a cluir, and the own spongt in her face to satisfy him. Empetus forward sent him aprowing: From y that died awar is the distance | head-shoot!

Miss Thorne T be inquired quistly. "Two Lorn," she knewered is a despaining roote "But I can't find the person"

APRILAD: Take you hard?

And then she found the switch; the fing thoughtfully on the floor.

That simplifies the matter rossiderably," he observed complaneouly, as he role. "The men who signaled to for when you extered the embanes will meyer let that call get out of their

Miss Thorne stood leaning forward show wonderful blongens eyes and an orrack me but I'm-I'm not hart."

"I know it." was his response. And first then Monadeur Rigolot, secgetary of the embassy, thrust an inquisitive head timidly around the cormer of the stairs. The trash of glass bad aroused him.

"We don't know just ret," replied dort Mr. Grimm. "If the online aroused any one clas pleans assure them that Grimm. "Two of my men are with there's nothing the matter. And you golght inform Madame Bolssegur that the ambassador will return home tonerrow, Good night!"

At his botel, when he reached there, Mr. Grimm found Miss Thorne's eard-and be drew a long breath; at his office he found snother of her eards, and he drew another long breath. He did like corroborative detalls, did Mr. Grimm, and, of course. this-! On the following day Mies Thorne accompanied him to Alexandris, and they were driven in a closed carriage out toward the western edge of the city. Finally the carriage stopped at a signal from Mr. Grimm, and he assisted Miss Thorne out. after which he turned and spoke to

some one remaining inside a man. "The house is two blocks west, slong that street there," he explained, and he indicated an intersecting thoroughfare just shead. "It is number ninety-seven. Five minutes after we enter you will drive up in front of the door and wait. If we don't return in fifteen minutes come in after us!" "Do you anticipate danger?" Miss

Thorne queried quickly. "If I had anticipated danger," replied Mr. Grimm, "I should not have

permitted you to come with me." They entered the house number ninety-seven-with a key which Mr. Grimm produced, and a minute or so later walked into a room where three men were sitting. One of them was of a coarse, repulsive type, large and Level | procher rather dupper of an-

and the third—the third was Ambassa-

dor Boisessur!

it all. And then the electric again "Good morning, gentlemen!" Mr. Grimm greeted them, then ceremoni-Before Mr. Grimm stood a man, ouser. "Monsieur Boissegur, your car-

The three men came to their feet face was laggest and white as Seath; instantly, and one of them—he of the his mouts agape as if from exection, heavy face-drew a respiner. Mr.

"In you know what would happen chothing discreanged, collar unfastened to you if you killed me? he inquired. pleasantly. "For wouldn't line three "The aminarator" Miss Thorse minutes. So you imagine I came in bere silindly! There are a dozen men guarding the entrances to the bouse-a platel abor would bring them in. Put down that gue!"

Eyes challenged eyes for one long tense tretart, and the man carefully Semm a little but he had no doubte laid the meaning on the table. Mr. \*as Monsteur Boosegur. Mr. Grimm Grimm strolled over and picked it up, was going loward the endramed figure after which he gianced inquiringly at when without any apparent teason, the other man-the ambassafor's sec-

"And you are the gentleman, I dare went our again. For one moment say, who made the necessary trips to country by a special envoy whose ap-Origin stood still, dated and blinded the ambassandor's house, probably thority is greater than yours-his using his lattickey" he remarked to Highness, the Prince Benedetto started toward the foor Miss Thorne terrogatively. "First for the letters ("Abrusel" to be signed, and again for the ciga-SHITTEN TO

There was no snewer and Mr. He heard the runtle of her skiets Grimm turned questioningly to Monas size moved away, and stepped out sieur Boissegur, slient, white of face,

"Yes, Monetour," the ambassador

tipued Mr. Gelever.

"I did sucape, Monaleur, last night," the amhaesafor explained, pursued me into my own house, these promed firmly against the phonetrag, back here! Mon Dieu, Mongleur, was reciting some incident of an auto-

marked Mr. Grimm. "You are free to there.

"list there are others" Monsteor Robbingur interposed desperately, ing chap, the prince; democratic, you Two more sometibers below, and they

exise together starply as he started. Mr. Grimm's listless eyes narrowed mind softing his hands by diving in. He never answered them. And then waved the sheet of paper back and toward the from took But Igos vilightly and he turned to Mine Thorne. passented to be against tim still. He fills was a little white, but he saw that time he was inclined to be wild which, for no apparent reason, seemed in minutely, standing under the light

sounding where; and then, one; the calmiy. "These men will remain here | matte powers of Italy. I haven't seen Bouse, came other alleges. From out | until 1 return. Take the revolves, If blim for a half dozen years." either of them so much as wags hit

front door. Mr. Grimm was just turn | about in Italy and Germany and Spain ing to re-enter the bouse when from | One never hears of half of them. fights fixed up. for Orimer was sit above came a muffled, venomous crs as sub! - a shot! He took the El until I went to Italy, and I've heard Minds going up, two at a time. Miss Thorne was leaning against the wall as if daped; the revolver lay at her leet. A door in a far corner of the room shood open; and the clatter of

footsteon echoed through the bouse. "One of them lessed at me and I a little east-riy maxing at him with fired," she gasted in explanation "He

Bhis stocces quickly, ploked up the revolver and made as if to follow the \* "Art you sure" she demanded at , duting footsteps. If a Grimm stopped

> "It doesn't matter," he said quietly. "Let them go." And after a while, earnestly: "If I had dreamed of such a-such a thing as this I should never have consented to allow you-

"I understand," she interrupted, and "What happened?" he asked, breath: for one instant her outstretched hand rested on his arm. "The ambassa-

"Perfectly mafe," responded Mr.

CHAPTER XV.

Master of the Situation. As the women rose and started out, leaving the gentlemen over their coffee and cigars, Miss Thorne paused at the door and the blue-gray eyes fisshed some subtle message to the French ambassador, who, after an instant, nodded comprehendingly, then resumed his conversation. As he left the room a few minutes later he noticed that Mr. Grimm had joined a group of automaniacs of which Mr. Cadwallader was the enthusiastic center. He spoke to his hostess, the wife of the minister from Portugal, for a moment, then went to Miss Thorne and dropped into a seat beside her. She greeted him with a smile and

was still amiling as she talked. "I believe, Monsieur," she said in the cable office this afternoon?

His eyes questioned hers quickly. "And please bear in mind that we probably are being watched as we alk." she went on pleasantly. "Mr. Grimm is the man to be afraid of. Smile-don't look so serious!" She laughed outright

"Yes, I sent a code message," he re-"It was your resignation?"

"Yes." "Well, it wasn't sent, of course." she informed him, and her eyes were sparkling as if something amusing had seen said. "One of my agents stopped it. I may add that it will not be sent."

mand from that?" he demanded. "You are to understand that I am simplicite master of the cituation in Washington at this moment," she replied positively. The smile on her line and the tone of her voice were strangely at variance. "From the begioming I let you understand that siltimately you would receive your instructions from Paris; now I know it's necessary tothey will reach you by cable tomorrow. Within a week the compact will be signed. Whether you approve of



"Nothine Can Stop Us-Nothing."

it or not it will be signed for your

"Has be reached Washington" "He is in Washington. He has been here for some time, incognito." She was silent a moment. "You have been a source of danger to our plane." she added. "If it had not been for an ancident you would still have been comfortably kept out in Alexandria where Mr Grimm and I found you. "And your escape, Monaleur?" con- Please remember, Monaleur, that we will accomplish what we set out to

do. Nothing can stop of-nothing." At just about the same moment the "but they knew it immediately—they name of Prince d'Abruszi had been used in the disting-room, but in a diftwo and another-and dragged me ferent connection. Mr. Cadwallader mobile trip in Italy when he had been There all there necessary" re connected with the British embassy return to his reading with not a from tonight; use any money neces-

"The prince was driving" he said. "and one of the best I ever saw. Corkknow, and all that sort of thing. He was one aclos of royalty who didn't "I shall except Monsieur Bulsacque but they may now he has settled down

> "How old a man is he?" asked Mr. Grimmy carelessly

Thirty-five, thirty-eight, perhaps; "No " She smiled faintly, "I am not I don't know," replied Mr. Cadwallader. "It's odd, you know, the number Mr. Grimm and the ambassador of princes and blue-bloods and all that went down the stairs, and out the Sout of thing one can find knowking never had heard of the Prince d'Abruz- & Quick gesture. Jolly well little of him since, except indirectly."

Mr. Cadwallader lapsed into silence as he sat staring at a large group |photograph which was framed on a wall of the dising room.

"lan't that the royal family of Italy?" he asked. He rose and went over to it. "By Jone, it is, and here is the prince in the group. The pic tre was taken. I should say, about

Mr. Orizon strolled over idly and stood for a long time staring at the

"He can drive a motor, you know," said Mr. Cadwallader, admiringly. And Italy is the place to drive them. over there, and if a chap gets in your | this. way and you knock him silly they arrest him for obstructing traffic, you know. Over here if a chap really bally idiot holds him up."

"Have you ever been held up?" querled Mr. Grimm.

"No, but I expect to be every day," was the reply. "Ive got a new motor, you know, and I've never been able to see how fast it is. The other evening I can up to Baltimore with it in an hour and thirty-seven minutes from Alexandria to Druid Hill Park, and that's better than forty mfles. I never did let the motor out, you know, because we ran in the dark most of the

Mr. Grimm was still gazing at the photograph.

"Did you go alone?" he asked. "There's no fun motoring alone, you know. Senorita Rodriguez was with me. Charming girl, what?"

A little while later Mr. Grimm sauntered out into the drawing-room and made his way toward Miss Thorne and the French ambassador. Mon-French, "you sent a code message to sieur Boissegur rose, and offered his nand cordially.

"I hope, Monsieur," said Mr. Grimm, that you are no worse off for youryour unpleasant experience?"

"Not at all, thanks to you," was the reply. "I have just thanked Miss Thorne for her part in the affair, "I'm glad to have been of service."

interrupted Mr. Grimm lightly. The ambassador bowed ceremoniously and moved away. Mr. Grimm dropped into the seat he had just left.

"You've left the legation, haven't you?" he asked.

You drove me out," she laughed.

Who it was not only uncomfortsble, but it was rather completions because of the constant espionage of your Mr. Blair and your Mr. Johnson and your Mr Hastings" she explained. still laughing. "So I have moved to the Botel Hilliams."

Mr. Orines was invicting the next ring on his little finger "I'm sorry if I made it unconflorts ble for you," he applingized. "You see

"No explanation," Miss Thorne inзеглираей. "Т избетизара." "I'm glad you do." he replied seri-

remain in the chy? Beally I don't know-two, three, four weeks, perhaps: Why?"

I was just wondering." Senorita Rodriguez came toward

said, "and we need you, Isabel, to the innocuous link-written lines. The make the four. Come. I hate to take prisoner read it greedly: ber gwuy, Mr. Grimm."

Mr. Grimm and Miss Thorne yose cogether. For an instant her slin derstandingly with a little of melan-Grimm there.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Letters From Jail. For two weeks Signor Pietro Petrorinni, known to the Secret Service as an unaccredited agent of the Italian constrained; and the self-confessed assalian of Senor Alverez of the Mexican legation, had been taking his case in a cell. He had been formally arreigned and committed without half to await the result of the bullet wound which had been inflicted upon the dipiomarise from Mexico at the German Embassy Ball, and, since then, undisturbed and apparently careless of the outcome, he had spent his time in reading and smoking. He had answered questions with only a curt yes them at all; and there had been no

Twice each day, morning and night, he had asked a question of the jailer who brought his simple meals

"How is Senor Alvarez" "He is still in a critical condition." The answer was giways the same. Whereupon the secret agent would

tile face. Occasionally there came a courteous two nights after." little note from Miss Thorne, which he read without emotion afterward casting them saide or tearing them up, bottle of ink, leaving it there. He under a car and fixing it himself. At one day there came another note forth to dry it, and at last scrutinized

> wardly it was like all the others her sheet his eyes lighted strangery, our he stood staring down at it as though to hide a sudden change of expression in his face. His gaze was concentrated on two small splotches of ink where, it seemed, the sen had scratched as Miss Thorne had signed

> for a moment, then started to turn away. The prisoner stopped him with

"Oh, Guard, may I have a glass of milk, please?" he asked. "No ice. I prefer it tepid." He thrust a small coin between the

bars; the guard accepted it and passed on. Then, still standing at the door, the prisoner read the note again:

"My Dear Friend: "I understand, from an indirect source, that there has been a marked improvement in Senor Alverez's condition and I am hamening to send you that within a short while, if he continues to improve, we can arrange a bail bond, and you will be free until the time of trial, anyway.

"Might it not be well for you to consult an attorney at once? Drop me They forget to make any speed laws a line to let me know you received Sincerely,

"ISABEL THORNE." Finally the prisoner tossed the note on a tiny table in a corner of his starts to go any place in a hurry some | cell, and resumed his reading. After z time the guard returned with the

"Would it be against the rules for me to write an answer to this?" queried Signor Petrozinni, and he in-

dicated the note. "Certainly not," was the reply. "If I might trouble you, then, for pen and ink and paper?" suggested the signor and he smiled a little. "Believe me, I would prefer to get them for myself."

"I guess that's right," the grinned good-naturedly. Again he went away and the prisoner sat thoughtfully sipping the milk.

He took half of it, then lighted a cig-



The Prisoner Read It Greedily.

arette, puffed it once or twice and permitted the light to die. After a little there came again the clatter of the guard's feet on the cement pavement, and the writing materials were thrust through the bars

"Thank you," said the prisoner. The guard went on with a nod, and a moment later the signor heard the flanger of a steel door down the corridor as it was closed and locked. He seemed forward in his chair with half-closed eyes, limening for a long time, then rose and noiselessly approached the cell door. Again be listened intendy, after which be resumed "How long do you intend to his sent. He tomed away the cigovette he had and lighted a fresh one. afterward holding the note over the finne of the match. Here and there, where the paper charred in the heat, a letter or word stood out from the bare whitness of the paper, and finally We're going to play bridge" she a message complete appeared between

"Am privately informed there is little chance of Alvarer's recovery. Shall I arrange escape for you, or have white hand restled on Mr. Grimm's ambassador intercede? Would advise sleeve and she stated into his eyes up former, as the other might take months, and meeting to sign treaty alcholy in her own. They left Mr. liance would be dangerously delayed."

Signor Petrozinal permitted the sputtering fiame to ignite the paper, and thoughtfully watched the blaze destroy it. The last tiny scrap dropped on the floor, burned out, and be crushed the ashes under his beel. Then he began to writes

'My Dear Miss Thorne: "Many thanks for your courteous lit-Se note. I am delighted to know of the improvement in Senor Alvarez's condition. I had boned that my impulsive act in shooting him would not end in a tragedy. Please keep me informed of any further change in his condition. As yet I do not see the necessity of consulting an attorney, but later I may be compelled to do so. "Respectfully.

"PIETRO PETROZINNI."

This done the secret agent carefully or no when he deigned to answer cleaned the ink from the pen, wiping it dry with his handkerchief then callers or inquiries for him. He had thrust it into the half empty gizes of struptly declined a suggestion of milk. The finid clung to the steel nib thinly: he went on writing with it, between the lines of link:

"I am in no danger. I hold credenfinis to United States, which, when presented, will make me responsible only to the Italian government as special envoy, according to international law. Arrange escape for one week shadow of uneasiness or concern on sury. Make careful arrangements for the test and signing of compact for

Again the pelsoner cleaned the steel ulb after which he put it back in the -that was eight or nine years ago- to stir him from his lethargy. Out- from the high-up window of his cell.

> Letter by letter the milk evaporated. leaving the sheet perfectly clean and white except for the ink-written message. This sheet he folded, placed in an envelope, and addressed.

> Later the guard passed along the corridor, and Signor Petrozinni thrust the letter out to him.

"Be good enough to post that, please," be requested. "It isn't scaled. don't know if your prison rules require you to read the letters that go out. If so, read it, or have it read,

then seal it." For answer the guard dampened the fixy of the envelope, sealed it, thrus; it into his pocket and passed on. The secret agent sat down again, and sinned his milk meditatively.

One hour later Mr. Grimm, accompanied by Johnson, came out of a photographer's dark room in Pennsylvanue Avenue with a developed negative which he sat on a rack to dry. At the end of another hour he was sitting at his desk studying under a magnifyling glass, a finished print of the negative. Word by word he was writing on a slip of paper what his magnifying glass gave him and so. curiously enough, it came to pass that Miss Thorne and Chief Campbell of the Secret Service were reading the hidden, milk-written message at almost the identical moment.

"Johnson got Petrozinni's letter from the postman," Mr. Grimm was explaining. "I opened it, photographed it, sealed it again and remailed it. There was not more than half an hour's delay; and Miss Thorne can not possibly know of it." paused a moment. "It's an odd thing that writing such as that is absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and yet when photographed becomes deciperable in the negative."

"What do you make of it?" Mr. Campbell asked. The guileless blue eyes were alive with eagerness.

"Well, he's right, of course, about not being in danger," said Mr. Grimm. "If he came with credentials as special envoy this government must respect them, even if Senor Alvarez dies, and leave it to his own government to punish him. If we were officially aware that he has such credentials I doubt if we would have the right to keep him confined; we would merely have to hand him over to the Italian embassy and demand his punishment. And, of course, all that makes him more dangerous than

"Yes. I know that," said the chief a little impatiently. "But who is this

"Who is this man?" Mr. Grimm repeated as if surprised at the question. "I was looking for Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi, of Italy. I have found him." Mr. Campbell's clock-like brain ticked over the situation in detail.

"It's like this," Mr. Grimm elucidated. "He has credentials which he knows will free him if he is forced to present them, but I imagine they were given him more for protection in an emergency like this than for introicing bim to our sovernment

the matter struck he exit afford to discover bilmself by using those credentials, and yet, if the Latin compart is signed, he must be free. Bemember, too, that he is accredited from three comptries-Italy, Prance and Spain." He was all or for a moment. "Naturally his sarane from prison would preserve his impossite. and at the same rime permit him to

sign the compact." There was allenes for a long time, "I believe the situation is without percedent," said Mr. Campbell stowly. "The energy entroy of three great powers held for attempted .....

"Officially we are not aware of his purpose, or his identity," Mr. Grimm reminded him. "If he excaped it would clarify the situation tramesfourly."

"If he escaped!" repeated Mr. Campbell musingly.

"But, of course, the compact would not be signed at least in this country," Mr. Grimm went on tentatively, Mr. Campbell gazed straight into the Hetless eyes of the young man for a minute or more and gradually full understanding came home to him. Finalty he nodded his head.

"Use your own judgment. Mr Grimm," he directed.

## CHAPTER XVIL

A Call on the Warden The restful silence of night fay over the great prison. Here and there in the grim corridors a goard dozed in the glare of an electric light; and to the office, too, a deak light glimmered where the warden sat at his desk, poring over a report. Once he glanced up at the clock-it was five minutes of eleven-and then he went on with

his reading. After a little the silence was broken by the whir of the clock and the first sharp stroke of the hour; and at fust that moment the door from the etreet opened and a man entered. He was rather tall and slender, and a simister black mask hid his face from the quickly raised eyes of the warden. For a bare fraction of a second the two men stared at each other, then, instinctively, the warden's right hand moved toward the open drawer of his desk where a revolver lay, and his left toward several electrically conpected levers. The introder noted both gestures, and unarmed himself. stood silent. The warden was first

to speak. "Well, what is it?"

"You have a prisoner here, Pietro Petrozinni," was the reply, in a pleasant voice. "I have come to demand his release"

The warden's right hand was raised above the desk top, and the revolver in it clicked warningly.

You have come to demand his reease, eh?" be queried. He still sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the black mask. "How did you pass the outside guard?"

"He was bribed," was the ready re sponse. "Now, Warden," the masked intruder continued pacifically, "it would be much more pleasant all around and there would be less personal danger in it for both of us if you would release Signor Petrozinni without question. I may add that no bribe was offered to you because your

integrity was beyond question." "Thank you," said the warden grimly, "and it shall remain so as long as I have this." He tapped on the desk

with the revolver. "Oh, that isn't loaded," said the

masked man quietly. One quick glance at the weepon showed the warden that the cartridges had been drawn! His teeth closed with a snap at the treachery of it. and with his left hand he pulled back one of the levers-that which should arouse the jailers, turnkeys and guards. Instead of the insistent clannor which he expected, there was si-

That wire has been cut," the stranger volunteered. With clenched teeth the warden pulled the police alarm.

"And that wire was cut, too," the stranger explained. The warden came to his feet with white face and nails biting into the palms of his hands. He still held the revolver as he advanced upon the

masked man threateningly. "Not too close, now," warned the intruder, with a sudden hardening of his voice. "Believe me, it would be best for you to release this man, because it must be done, pleasantly or other-



"I Want Your Prisoner, Signor Petrozinni-You Will Release Him at Once!"

wise. I have no desire to injure you, still less do I intend that you shall injure me; and it would be needless for either of us to make a personal matter of it. I want your prisoner, Signor Petrozinni-you will release him at once! That's all!"

The warden paused, dazed, incredulous before the autacity of it. while -

(To be continued.)